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1882

A WEEK

IN

THE YORKSHIRE DALES

BY THE

REV. JOHN PICKFORD, M.A.

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A WEEK IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES.

. . . . . "et scis
In breve te cogi." . .
HOR: *Ep:* L. I. XX.

" Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of spring."
In Memoriam, LXXXIII.

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A WEEK

IN

THE YORKSHIRE DALES

BY THE

REV. JOHN PICKFORD, M.A.,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD;
SOMETIME CURATE OF BOLTON PERCY, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK;
NOW RECTOR OF NEWBOURNE, SUFFOLK.

'Enquire I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers (for we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow), shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their mouth."—BOOK OF JOB.

"Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia."—CICERO DE LEGIBUS, Lib. ii.

Second Edition.

MANCHESTER:
HENRY GRAY, 25, CATHEDRAL YARD.
1882.

DA
670
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THE ORIGINAL DEDICATION.

To the Rev. CAMPBELL BASSETT ARTHUR GREY HULTON, *M.A., sometime Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford; now Rector of Emberton, Buckinghamshire.*

MY DEAR HULTON,

It was De Lamartine who wrote: "I have always loved to wander over the physical scenes inhabited by men whom I have known, admired, loved, or revered, as well among the living as the dead." A sentiment to which I subscribe; but adding, Why should we leave our own country in order to enjoy such treasures? Where is the district in England which has not many memories of the past and associations connected with eminent men? The neighbourhood of Emberton, for instance, is rich in them. We have together often visited Olney, the home of Cowper and John Newton, close to your own rectory, and, like Milverton and Ellesmere, in *Friends in Council*, we have discussed subjects "grave and gay, lively and severe," in the wilderness at Weston Underwood. We have also made pilgrimages to Easton Mandit, where, in the little Vicarage, Percy compiled *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which won for him an honoured name. Permit me, then, to dedicate the few following pages to you, inadequately describing a portion of Yorkshire, as rich in historical and antiquarian associations as in lovely scenery, by way of a little memento of many pleasant hours spent in your society, and as a mark of affection and esteem:

"Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ,
Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus."—HOR:

J. P.

BOLTON PERCY,
St. Crispin's Day, 1869.

C. B. A. G. H.
Obiit
Prid: Kal: Mai:
MDCCCLXXIX.

1109866

To FRANK RENAUD, *Esq., M.D. and F.S.A., Hill Side, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.*

MY DEAR DR. RENAUD,

Although you have kindly allowed the second impression of this little monograph to be inscribed to you, yet, as you will see, the former dedication has not been cancelled to an older friend who has now passed away, and a friend who will be long and lovingly remembered—Campbell Hulton. Yet the one is a link with the past, the other with the present.

On a recent visit to Scotland, whilst musing by the side of St. Mary's Lake, in Ettrick Forest, the outline of the surrounding hills was beautifully reflected in the glassy mirror, and then in another moment erased from the surface by the gentle breeze. How sad would it be were all the reminiscences of past days, sweet and bitter, and of absent and departed friends, swept from the mind as effectually! "The touch of a vanish'd hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," have yet a charm, especially to one doomed to isolation! Therefore I cannot quite agree with the remark of Dante, because, in my case, pleasant reminiscences preponderate :—

. . "nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria." . . . .

Yours sincerely,

JOHN PICKFORD.

NEWBOURNE RECTORY,
July 28, 1882.

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A WEEK IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES.

YORKSHIRE! gigantic, princely Yorkshire! name conjuring up reminiscences of days of old, of ancient piety, departed worth, and knightly chivalry—minsters like York, Beverley, and Ripon; castles like Middleham, Conisborough, and Pomfret; abbeys like Fountains, Jervaulx, and Bolton. In point of natural scenery one of the fairest, too, of English counties, with hill and dale, and rivers winding their way like threads of silver through robes of green, and trout glancing across them like arrows, and shadow chasing shadow across the mountain side.

It was in "the leafy month of June" that I decided on a week's tour, for the double purpose of breathing the fresh air of the grandest of English counties and exploring some of its antiquarian treasures. The town was quitted for the life-giving breezes of the country, where in the commonest objects of nature much to interest can be found. How aptly does Milton sing—

> "As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

Ripon was selected as my starting-place, a pretty town on the banks of the Yore, and a cathedral dominating over it like a guardian genius. It possesses that quiet air of respectability which alone is the property of cathedral towns in England. Here it was that Norton and Markenfield displayed at the market cross the banner of the five wounds of our Lord at the memorable rising of the north in 1569. Here, too, it was in former years that the spurrier exercised his craft, and hence the ancient proverb originated: "As true steel as Ripon rowels."

A very easy walk soon conducted to the entrance-gate of Studley Royal, and the eye was at once arrested by a noble avenue of lime trees nearly one mile in length. The building called the Temple of Piety was then reached, and the Moon and Crescent Ponds, with their statues of Neptune, Bacchus, and Galen. There were lawns as smooth as velvet, and parterres exquisitely planned, in a word, almost as happy a blending of nature and art like that which is found at the ducal residence of Chatsworth. The trees, too, are of great beauty and size, planted chiefly by John Aislabie, the owner of Studley in 1720, who raised himself from the position of a simple country gentleman to the high position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still, however, these beauties were but minor objects of interest compared with the glorious abbey which one knew lay

beyond. Then after traversing the gardens, the guide threw open a door, and my eye immediately fell upon the finest monastic ruin in England in the valley below. I saw, as it were, set like a picture in its frame, the light grey walls, the majestic tower, the noble arches of Fountains Abbey, tinted by the sun, and I at once exclaimed, "Benedicite Fontes Domino. Fundamenta ejus in montibus sanctis."

A path by the side of the little river Skell soon led to the abbey, where the whole of the monastic life can be traced, not partly or piecemeal, as in other conventual ruins in England; but at Fountains, though roofless, are church, cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, kitchen, and abbot's lodgings beautifully perfect. The graceful tower stood out clearly against the summer sky, with the inscriptions on its four sides as legible as when they came from the mason's hand. The gem of all to my mind was, however, the stately Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the end of the choir, equalled only by a similar structure at Durham Cathedral, where St. Cuthbert, after his varied wanderings, has found a sepulchre "where his cathedral huge and vast looks down upon the Wear." The Cistercian abbey of Fountains was founded in 1132, and gradually increased in wealth and importance, for at the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539, its revenue was nearly £1,000 a year in money, besides an immense quantity of grain stored in different places, and sheep and oxen without number on the conventual farms.

Not far from the ruins stand some old yew trees, said traditionally to have sheltered the poor monks who laid the foundations of the abbey. How their Dryads must have mourned when the days of monachism were ended in England! How lovingly though silently must the great volume

of nature have preached to those converted men, who had retired from the world, and were "taken aside from the multitude" in order to hold converse with the things that are eternal. The tender herb, the stately tree, and the beautiful flower all leading their minds upwards to nature's God. How what was seen around must have impressed their minds with foreshadowings of eternal realities! Rich, too, in spiritual meaning, the very name "Fountains" reminding them of the "hard rock turned into a standing water, and the flint stone into a springing well." It spoke of Him, too, who was "the well of water springing up into everlasting life," and of the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. "For," as says St. Paul, "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made even His eternal power and Godhead." Verily a majestic ruin like Fountains makes one for the time a "laudator temporis acti," and has the effect of making the mind vivify and intensify the past in a marvellous manner. So meditating on the monastic life and of the days when England was "merrie England," thinking, too, of the wonderful changes which have passed over here since the noble abbey fell, I quitted it, drinking, on my departure, a draught from Robin Hood's Well.

The afternoon was lovely, all nature smiling and gay, and a walk of some ten miles conducted me to Masham, a quiet little country town with grass growing in the street, and a handsome church with a graceful spire, beneath whose shade two celebrated Yorkshire artists find a resting-place—Ibbetson and Cuitt. The inn was such a one as Izaak Walton and his adopted son, Charles Cotton, of Beresford

Hall, would have loved to frequent. In the churchyard of Masham, Gray might have written his charming Elegy. Near it is Hackfall, from which one of the finest prospects in Yorkshire is obtained, bounded by the hills of Cleveland.

The next morning was one of surpassing beauty, and the journey was continued, as another abbey, one of great renown, and, like Fountains, belonging to the Cistercian order, was to be visited, Jervaulx, on the banks of the Yore. Sir Walter Scott, in *Ivanhoe*, assigns to it as Prior the jovial monk, Aymer, the favourite companion of the proud Templar, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert. Who, indeed, can ever forget the many fine scenes in that romance, perhaps the masterpiece of Sir Walter's prolific pen, the banquet at Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon; the tournament at Ashby; the storming of Torquilstone; the lists at Templestowe? The scenery grew finer and bolder, and at last on the right hand of the high road, and but a short distance from it, surrounded by a sunk fence, are seen the ruins of Jervaulx, or Yorevalle Abbey.

A more interesting relic than Jervaulx Abbey, though little more than a ground plan remains, it would be difficult to find; originally founded in 1136, and like other monastic establishments suppressed in 1536. Most thoroughly at that time the spoilers did their work, defiling the holy temple, and making "Jerusalem a heap of stones." The church was unroofed, and the conventual buildings, and the walls in most places razed to the ground. As time rolled on the earth accumulated, and the weeds grew in rank luxuriance, so that the once beautiful abbey was almost entirely hidden. Instead of the hymns "Jam lucis orto sidere" or "Ales diei nuncius" welcoming the morn no sound was heard,

save the note of the blackbird or thrush. It might have been truthfully said of the choir from which the loud Hosanna had once rolled and the sacrifice of prayer and praise ascended, "Ichabod, Ichabod! thy glory is departed."

In this melancholy condition Jervaulx Abbey remained for more than two centuries and a half, that is to say until 1805, when in compliance with the orders of the Earl of Ailesbury, the proprietor, the whole of the ruins were cleared out and excavated, and the site marked out, so that the plan of the different buildings can now be easily traced. The most interesting feature is perhaps the fine collection of sepulchral slabs yet existing. Round the edges of a very large one of an ecclesiastic on which is incised a floriated cross, chalice, and consecrated wafer, is this inscription :—

AYSKARTH CONTEGITUR SAXI HAC SUB MOLE BRIANUS
CUI DEUS ETERNA DET BENE LUCE FRUI.

Seated on the base of a broken pillar in the chapter house at Jervaulx, I indulged in a day dream, almost envying the power of De Quincey in calling up the past and summoning spirits from the vasty deep which he has left on record in his *Confessions of an Opium Eater.* Who does not, for instance, remember his gorgeous description of the "Consul Romanus," clad in his paludamentum and sweeping by attended by his lictors ? The vision flitted before me of the monk in days of yore issuing from the gate of Jervaulx intent on his errand of mercy, or in order to conduct the service at some distant church in the dale; of alms daily given at the gate, "alms all without, and prayers within," as Keble has it; for whatever may have been the abuses of the monastic system, in most instances the monks regarded themselves as the stewards of God's gifts, and

were the friends of the poor. In the Scriptorium many a valuable manuscript was copied, and under cunning hands the missal, breviary, and passional glowed with illumination. How they lighted the torch of knowledge whose bright flame cheers us still! How from the choir arose the swelling anthem and the smoke of incense!

* What are they now? The eternal hills survive:
The vales bloom on with flowers and fruits: the river
In undimm'd beauty sparkles on for ever,
God's handywork: while all that men contrive,
Sinks to decay; and yet Death's angel smile
Still lingers o'er this cold and silent aisle.

Here in this very place, what dire dismay must have come to the monks assembled in conclave, when their last abbot, Adam Sedbergh, the twenty-third in an unbroken line, announced to them that they must leave the fair abbey of Jervaulx in Wensleydale! Some had just entered on the novitiate, others had grown old within its hallowed walls. The cowl must have been drawn over many a face to hide its emotion when the abbot raised his hand to give his final

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* The following rendering of these lines into Latin Sapphics has been sent to me by Dr. Holden, head master of Durham School, a contributor to the *Anthologia Oxoniensis* and the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, worthy to be marked *me judice* with an *optime*:—

"Quo vetus splendor? Superest perennis
Mons: parit flores segetemque, ut ante,
Vallis: æternus vitreusque semper
Labitur amnis.

Hæc Dei fecit manus. At virorum
Facta marcescunt, tamen hic moratur
Forma: subrident tacitæ vel ipsa in
Morte ruinæ."

J. P.

benediction. Listen to Cleveland Coxe, chanting his lament, who, though an American by birth, is yet an Englishman in thought and feeling :—

"Oh were they not our Father's?
Was not His honour there?
Or hath the Lord deserted
His holy house of prayer?
Time was when they were sacred
As the place of Jacob's rest,
And their altars all as spotless
As the virgin mother's breast."

The fate of the last Abbot of Jervaulx, Adam Sedbergh, or Sedbury, was a tragical one. He was executed at Tyburn, in company with other Yorkshire abbots, for the share which he had taken in the Pilgrimage of Grace, a formidable insurrection which broke out in 1536 owing to the Dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins, said to be the oldest Englishman, and a native of Richmondshire, who, as the legend runs, died in the reign of Charles II., at the age of 169, has recorded that "the whole country was in a ferment when the monks were turned out." Robert Aske headed the insurgents, who numbered between thirty and forty thousand men, and displayed as his banner the five wounds of our Lord. Pontefract and York were taken. The insurrection was crushed, and the unfortunate Abbot of Jervaulx has left his sad record, by way of epitaph, in a carving by his own hand, which may yet be seen on a wall in the Tower of London, where he was imprisoned before his execution.

Danby Hall, the residence of the Scropes, is on the other side of the River Yore, one of the most ancient families in England, still adhering to the faith of their fore-

fathers, and bearing their ancient shield, "Azure, a Bend Or." Further on, and on the same side of the Yore as Jervaulx, is Witton Fell, a lofty hill planted with fir trees, and near its summit, from which a noble prospect is commanded, a bubbling spring, like the Horatian, "Fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro," called Castaway Well. Then the road passes East Witton, with its conspicuous church, built by the Earl of Ailesbury to commemorate George III. entering on the fiftieth year of his reign, a structure not quite in accordance with the taste of the present age. And now the towers of Middleham Castle come in sight, only three miles distant from Jervaulx, though no longer does Saint George's banner, broad and gay, float upon the wind.

Proudly overlooking the little town of Middleham stands its time-honoured castle, built in 1190, and of which the quaint old topographer, Leland, writes as follows:—"Midlam Castel joynith hard to the toun side, and is the fairest castel of Richemontshire next Bolton." It forms a kind of parallelogram of two hundred and ten feet by one hundred and seventy-five, and a tower at each end. The ancient keep is encircled by a sort of *enceinte* or enveloping wall. Middleham Castle was the abode of the Nevilles, who with the Scropes divided the authority of Wensleydale. Here dwelt at times Warwick, stout in armour bright, the king maker, and to it came as a guest the luxurious though brave Edward IV., who, when a boy of only twenty, commanded the Yorkists in person at the battle of Towton Field, the greatest battle ever fought on English soil, excepting Hastings. The Bastard Falconbridge was here executed. Richard III., who married the Lady Anne Neville, one of the daughters of the king maker, made it his chief residence, and his only

legitimate son Edward was born, and also died when a boy in the halls of Middleham. High state was at one time kept there, for it was the favourite residence of England's king, though it is now abandoned to the owl and to the bat. Could its mouldering walls speak, what legends would they tell, and what a light could they pour on, perhaps, the most obscure portion of the History of England !

On the north side of the town is situated the church, an antique structure of no great size, consisting of nave, with side aisles and choir. Richard III. made it collegiate, but he fell at Bosworth Field before he could carry out his intention of endowing it. Within the church, and leaning against one of the walls, is a fine slab, commemorating Robert Thornton, one of the abbots of Jervaulx, and within the altar rails is buried Caroline Amelia Halsted, who wrote "*Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England.*" A canon of Middleham in recent times was a clergyman whose writings have exercised a powerful influence, and have had a wide circulation in England, Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley.

Nearly opposite Middleham is Leyburn, a bustling, thriving little town, and apparently quite equal to the requirements of the present day. At the former place we are in the past, and at the latter in the present. Several good houses add to the attractions of Leyburn, and a beautiful new church forms a conspicuous object. The great charm, however, is the noble natural terrace at the end of the little town called "The Shawl," from which most charming prospects are obtained. Opposite rises in grandeur Penhill, the mountain of Wensleydale; the village and church of Wensley lie beneath; further on the ancient castle of Bolton

is seen, beyond it, a gleam indicates the position of Aysgarth Force; and on the opposite side of the river, a little to the left, lies Middleham Castle. In a word, in every direction, either a prospect of beauty or an interesting object is seen. Leyburn Shawl is indeed a delightful spot on a summer's day to fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world "in Arden's shade," according to Will Shakspere, when the thrush and the linnet sing sweetly, when the air is laden with the smell of tedded grass and summer flowers. What delightful nooks, too, are afforded either for converse sweet or the perusal of some favourite author; and then there are "for thought calm aisles of shade," where one can muse, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Journeying along the walk the Queen's Gap is reached, where Mary Queen of Scots is traditionally said to have been captured by her pursuers in 1568, on her escape from Bolton Castle, where she was imprisoned. A summer-house marks the spot, and an appropriate inscription for it would be the fine lines of Dyer from his poem of "Grongar Hill":—

> "Ever charming, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view?
> The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
> The woody valleys warm and low;
> The windy summit, wild and high,
> Roughly rushing on the sky!
> The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
> The naked rock, the shady bower."

My steps were retraced to Middleham, in order to see Coverham Abbey, which is beautifully situated in a little, narrow dale, called Coverdale, on the banks of a brook, babbling over the limestone, called the Cover, where Charles Kingsley used occasionally to wet the line. In

this little retired dale Myles Coverdale was born, one of the early translators of the Bible; whilst not far distant John Wiclif, the Morning Star of the Reformation, first saw the light, who "contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." His portrait, painted by Sir Antonio-à-More, may yet be seen in the old rectory at Wycliffe, bequeathed to it as an heirloom for ever. The remains of Coverham Abbey are but small, and not well cared for. The quaint old church is situated in a quiet churchyard close to the murmuring brook the Cover, and in one corner of it, it is said that you can neither see the church nor hear the bells. The hermit, who would desire his grave to be as quiet as his cell, would select this churchyard as his burial place. And a little lower down is such a bathing place on the Cover as that described in the hexameters of *The Bothie of Tober Na Fuosich*, by Arthur Hugh Clough:

"Here it lies unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,
Still more enclosed by wood and rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing."

Within an easy walk of Middleham, through pleasant fields, along the banks of the silver-winding Yore, is the pretty village of Wensley. The church is a fine structure of the date of Henry III., but much modernised. At the end of the north aisle is the family pew of Lord Bolton, formed out of the original rood screen of Easby Abbey, near Richmond, and underneath it is their sepulchre—the vault of all the Capulets. Before the altar is a magnificent Flemish brass, which once covered the remains of a Roman Catholic priest, but is now acting as a memorial for Oswald

Dykes, rector of Wensley in the reign of Elizabeth. In the picturesque churchyard rests a poet who loved to sing the beauties of Wensleydale, Thomas Maude. He had been surgeon on board the "Harfleur" when commanded by Lord Henry Powlett, who is said to be the original of Captain Whiffle in Smollett's celebrated novel, *Roderick Random. Par parenthèse*, a novel one used to read stealthily at school. Lord Henry, on his accession to the dukedom of Bolton, appointed Mr. Maude agent for the northern estates, where he resided; dying at Bolton Hall in 1798. His poem, *Wensleydale, or Rural Contemplations*, was published originally for the benefit of the Leeds Infirmary, and graphically describes the many objects of interest in the dale. The murmuring Yore flows close by his grave, as Tennyson says, "men may come, and men may go, but I flow on for ever," and appropriately on the tomb covering his remains are inscribed these lines from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village:*

> "How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
> A youth of labour with an age of ease;
> Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
> Whilst resignation gently slopes the way."

About three miles from Wensley is Bolton Castle, once the abode of the Scropes, one of the most ancient and celebrated families in the north of England, for, as Lord Bacon justly observes, "new nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time." It is a quadrangular structure, and the licence to crenellate was issued in 1379. The towers are connected by a curtain wall, and here is shown the gloomy room in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was for a few months imprisoned. A few years ago a pane of glass was preserved at Bolton Hall, on

which she had inscribed her name with a diamond ring. The castle was besieged by the Parliamentarians in 1645, and surrendered to them eventually. Since that time it has gone gradually to decay, though one of the remaining towers is occupied by some people who show the castle. By its side nestles one of the most primitive churches in the dale, and at a little distance is the village of Thoresby, where was born John de Thoresby, Archbishop of York, who built the unrivalled and majestic choir of York Minster in 1361. Though the abbeys in his native regions are now desecrated, yet from the choir of York still ascends the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, and it remains as his monument:

> "The chimes of England, how they peal
> From tower and gothic pile,
> Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
> The dim cathedral aisle,
> Where windows bathe the holy light
> On priestly heads that falls,
> And stain the florid tracery
> Of banner-dighted walls!"

How skilfully has Macaulay, in a single brief sentence of his graphic pen, described the chief features of several of the great cathedrals of England: "Then rose the fair chapels of New College and St. George, the nave of Winchester, and the choir of York, the spire of Salisbury, and the majestic towers of Lincoln."

Opposite Bolton Castle towers Penhill, the mountain of Wensleydale, which itself unchanged has witnessed so many changes, and seen so many generations pass away. The variations of light and shade upon its side were very beautiful as cloud succeeded cloud, and it stood out clearly and well

defined against the summer sky. On its slope are the small ruins of a Preceptory of Knight Templars, and at Cappel Bank, not far off, is a summer-house built for Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly of the *Beggars' Opera.* This play took the town by storm in 1728, and had a run for sixty-two nights, and of which it was said that it made Gay Rich and Rich Gay, the one the author of the piece, the other the manager of the theatre. Charles, Duke of Bolton, married "Polly," and she became the first of the list of ennobled actresses.* What an ill-remunerated profession must the stage have been in those times, for it is on record that Rich, the manager, raised her salary, owing to her famous acting, from fifteen to thirty shillings a week. The Duchess died in 1760, at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the Church of St. Alphage, at Greenwich, where also the gallant General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, had found a grave. Her portrait, however, looking lovely in hood and hoop, painted by Hogarth, may yet be seen. Bolton Hall is in the valley below, warm and sheltered, consisting of a centre and two wings, and was built in 1678 by Charles Powlett, Marquis of Winchester, who was afterwards created Duke of Bolton by William III. He pretended to be distracted, and used to turn night into day, frequently going hunting by torch-

* Amongst actresses raised from the stage to an elevated rank may be mentioned :—Anastatia Robinson, who was married in 1735 to the gallant Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough ; Elizabeth Farren, who became Countess of Derby ; Louisa Brunton, who was married to the Earl of Craven ; and Miss Bolton, to Lord Thurlow ; the Earl of Essex married Miss Stephens ; the Earl of Harrington, Miss Foote ; and Miss Mellon, then Mrs. Coutts, became Duchess of St. Alban's.

light. In the *Diary of Bishop Cartwright* is the following curious reference to his eccentricities: "I was received by the noble Marquess with all kindness imaginable at dinner from one at noon until one in the morning: Sir Richard Shuttleworth, Mr. Dean of Ripon, Mr. Darcy and others there." But on the abdication of James II. he laid aside his assumed folly, and appeared in his real character as a man of sense and ability. He had married Mary the illegitimate daughter of Emanuel Scrope, the last of the lords of Bolton Castle and Earl of Sunderland. Another seat of the Powletts was Basing House, in Hampshire, defended as gallantly by the stout-hearted old Marquis of Winchester, styled aptly the "Great Loyalist," as Lathom House was by Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby. After a long siege it was taken by storm in 1645, and sacked by the Parliamentarians. The inscription, *Aymez Loyaultè*, had been written in every window, which is still used as the family motto by the noble house of Powlett.

A charming walk conducts through green fields and pleasant pastures towards Aysgarth, leaving behind the frowning towers of Bolton Castle; and long before it is reached the noise of the waterfall strikes upon the ear, guiding in the direction. There are two waterfalls, but the lower one below the bridge is much the finer, where the Yore falls over three ledges of limestone. What a charming spot on a hot afternoon! What a cool shelter is that afforded by the overhanging rocks! Amid these Arcadian scenes an idyll of Theocritus is perused, one in which the old bard gives a graphic description of the summer melting into autumn, when the fruit is falling on the ground, and the air resonant with the hum of insect life, making what Virgil, the

imitator of Theocritus, calls a "susurrus." The Laureate has developed the same idea in one of the poems in his *In Memoriam*:—

> "O sound to rout the brood of cares,
> The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
> The gust that round the garden flew,
> And tumbled half the mellowing pears!"

On the north side of the Force stands the modern Parish Church of Aysgarth, a very large structure, and the surrounding churchyard is most extensive and picturesque. Here is one epitaph from it, on a plate of copper let into a fragment of rock: "This marks the grave of John Wray of High Gill, better known as Deaf Jack, who died 1 July, 1847, aged 82. In manhood strong and daring. In old age firm and God-fearing. Always staunch and faithful." Within the church is a fine screen, richly painted in fresh colours of blue, green, and gold, said to have been brought from Jervaulx Abbey; and a remarkable stained glass window, the parable of the Good Samaritan, treated conventionally, commemorates the preservation of the late vicar from a murderous attack of thieves. The arms of Metcalfe, "Argent, three calves sable," have gone with the old east window, where they were to be seen in days of yore. They were in ancient times, when woodcraft was held in honour, Master Foresters of Wensleydale. The Metcalfes were the most numerous family in the north of England, and in the reign of Queen Mary I. Sir Christopher Metcalfe went to York as High Sheriff, attended by three hundred horsemen of his name and kindred. Their ancient home was at Nappa Hall, further up the valley, which may yet be seen close to the road to Askrigg. There are still on the

screen the arms of Jervaulx Abbey, "Gules, three escallop shells argent," and A. S., the initials of Adam Sedbergh, the last abbot of Jervaulx. A hazel bush rising fructed out a tun is on the side of the reading-desk, and is intended as a rebus on the name of William Heslington, or Hazleton, the twenty-first abbot of that house.

Be it freshly remembered that an illustrious descendant of the family in our own day was Charles, Lord Metcalfe, to whose able government the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown were entrusted—Jamaica, Canada, and India. He was buried in the church of Winkfield, near Windsor, where his epitaph, written by Macaulay, finely and justly speaks of him as "a statesman tried in many and difficult conjunctures, yet found equal to all!" When he was a boy at Eton, Joseph Goodall, one of the assistants, afterwards Provost of the college, used to predict, and well was the prediction verified, future distinction for "Metcalfe minor." The statue of the excellent Provost, called by D'Israeli "the courtly Goodall," carved by a cunning hand, still adorns the beautiful chapel at Eton College.

Aysgarth is, in point of extent, almost the largest parish in England, for there are in it nearly eighty thousand acres of land, and though there are five or six district churches, yet the dalesmen prefer to travel for miles in order to bring their dead to be buried, and their infants to be baptised, at the parish church. Many a staunch son has the Church of England yet remaining in those northern dales. A friend of mine limns graphically and well with his poetic pen many such dwellings as are to be found in these still primitive regions. But let A. J. M. give his own account of

an old English hearth and homestead in Wensleydale and its occupants:—

> In England, by the quiet streams of Yore,
> In that lone house they live in and they love:
> An upland shaw defends it from above,
> With hazels and with hawthorn clumps, the store
> And brooding-place for birds: and evermore
> Across the meads, the various milk and gold
> Of buttercups and daisies: they behold
> The woods and hills, the ruins high and hoar,
> And that old church, to some at least still dear,
> Where the meek dead are garner'd year by year
> From love and work, from sorrow and from joy.
> Ah, what sweet memories may their souls employ,
> While in a summer eve they sit and hear
> The distant dying waters falling at the weir.

And Southey in that wonderful repertory of learning, *The Doctor*, gives the following graphic description of the interior of these homes: "As you entered the kitchen there was one of those open chimneys which afforded more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair; and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi or Vestal Virgins, did not overpower."

All things come to an end, and the conclusion of the tour is now rapidly coming, so quitting Aysgarth and its romantic churchyard, the journey was pursued towards the

district of Craven. The evening was lovely, and every now and then a halt was made in order to look backwards—there was Wensleydale gilded by the beams of the setting sun, the falls at Aysgarth, the towers of Bolton Castle, the quiet farms, the silvery Yore, winding like a thread of silver through a robe of green, all forming conspicuous features in the landscape. The hills got steeper and steeper. Then a rapid descent succeeded, and quarters were found for the night at a rather humble hostelry at Kettlewell in Craven.

The country through which my journey lay the next morning was picturesque, though not so beautiful as that recently quitted. Kilnsea Crag, Threshfield Hall, and Burnsall were passed, and then a little winding path conducted me to a well-known ruin, Barden Tower. This was a hunting-seat belonging to the Lords Clifford, who had such vast possessions, and held such powerful sway in the North of England. Within the walls of Barden Tower, the shepherd Lord Clifford, as he was styled, spent his time during the reign of Henry VII. in philosophical pursuits, and afterwards was one in command at the battle of Flodden Field in 1513. It was repaired by the great castle restorer, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, but the roof has now fallen in, and the building is in a state of decay. She was that strong-minded lady who wrote as follows to Sir Joseph Williamson, on his urging on her notice a candidate for the borough of Appleby, where she reigned paramount :—" I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Count, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand." Skipton Castle was restored by her, and several churches entirely rebuilt by this benevolent dame, who seemed as determined

to leave her marks upon the country as did a short time before Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, commonly called Bess of Hardwick.

A beautiful path overhung with trees leads from Barden Tower along the banks of the river Wharfe to the Strid, a rocky chasm through which the river foams and tears. The legend runs that young Romillè, the Boy of Egremond, fell in, owing to his greyhound in the leash hanging back, and was drowned. Bolton Abbey is said to have owed its origin to this circumstance, and though the story is doubted, yet it is well worth preservation :

> " Now is there stillness in the vale,
> And long unspeaking sorrow,
> Wharfe shall be to pitying hearts
> A name more sad than Yarrow."

The lovely ruins of Bolton Abbey now break upon the view, standing on a kind of peninsula formed by a bend in the river, which here widens crossed by stepping-stones, and having a foreground which is unrivalled by that of any ruin in England. The first object that catches the eye is the tower commenced by Richard Moone, the last prior of Bolton, who has left upon it the following inscription in old English characters :

In the yer of our Lord MDXX R^{d} ⌣ begaun thes foundachon on qwho sowl God haue marce. Amen.

The days of monachism in England were, however, numbered, and the tower was never completed. It rises to a height of fifty-four feet, and this is but a third of the original design. Had it been finished it would almost have equalled in height the glorious tower yet remaining at Fountains Abbey. The nave of the old abbey forms the

parish church of Bolton, and where could "The White Doe of Rylstone" be read with greater fitness than in the churchyard? Near at hand is the ancient gatehouse of the Priory, now fitted up as a shooting lodge for the Duke of Devonshire, and the entrance forms the scene of the renowned picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." When musing in the ruins a shower came on, but was almost immediately dispelled by the sun, and a perfect rainbow appeared. How fine is the allusion to it in the book *Ecclesiasticus*, "Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it, very beautiful is it in the brightness thereof; it compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

This, to use the Horatian expression, was the Brundusium of the tour, for time did not permit the exploration of the marvellous caves of Ingleborough, or visiting Malham Cove, or Gordal Scar, or looking at Giggleswick School, where one of our greatest writers, William Paley, received his early education. The distance traversed was not more than sixty miles, and the time spent only a week. During it were seen a cathedral, that of Ripon; four ruined abbeys of the greatest interest, Fountains, Jervaulx, Coverham, and Bolton; two castles, Middleham and Bolton, in Wensleydale; several churches; and, in addition, scenery of the most varied and beautiful kind, hill and dale, moor and fell. The expedition was chiefly that of an antiquary, but the artist, naturalist, or geologist would find in the same district quite as much to please and interest.

A glance at the map of Yorkshire will show that many places were on this visit passed by, though within an easy run of the line of tour, as Richmond, with its noble castle-

keep as fresh and grand as when first built; and Easby Abbey, on the banks of the Swale. Nor were "Brignall Banks" and "Greta Woods" visited, for ever made hallowed ground by Sir Walter Scott in *Rokeby;* and near Northallerton are the interesting ruins of perhaps the most remarkable Carthusian house in England—Mount Grace Priory. Within its walls not only were the three monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience enforced, but almost perpetual silence was enjoined, and the bounds of the "eremus," as it was called, were never passed by the Prior.

What more agreeable companion can you have on such a tour as mine than a pocket edition of Horace or Theocritus, if your classical knowledge has not been quite forgotten? Or a volume of that poet may be in your hand, one who is true to nature, in whose hands even such common objects as the grass and green fields are covered with an interest, whose poems are full of sympathy, cheerful wisdom, and real religious feeling. One of whom a kindred spirit well observed that "while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, he has cast a glory round the lowest conditions, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." The allusions are and can be applicable to William Wordsworth alone. He was one of those who, as Shakspere says—

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

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